Quin. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtād, he goes but to ſee a noyſe, that he heard, and is to come againe.

Tbyſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lillie white of hewe,
Of colour like the redroſe, on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eeke moſt louely Iewe,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* toumbe.

Quin. Ninus toumbe, man. Why? you muſt not ſpeake That yet. That you anſwere to *Pyramus*. You ſpeake Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue is paſt: It is; neuer tire.

Tbyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe; that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, *Thyſby*, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted. Pray maſters: fly maſters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer:
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound, (*Exit.*
A hogge, a headleſſe Beare, ſometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make mee afeard. *Enter* Snowte.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What doe you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. (*Exit.*

Quin. Bleſſe thee *Bottom*, bleſſe thee. Thou art tranſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knauery. This is to make an aſſe of mee, to fright me, if they could: but I wil not ſtirre from this place, do what they can, I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing, that they ſhall heare I am not afraide.

The Wooſell cock, ſo blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren, with little quill.

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray:
Whoſe note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a birde?
Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, ſing againe.
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,
On the firſt viewe to ſay, to ſweare, I loue thee.

Bott. Mee thinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that. And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleeke, vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bott. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owe turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not deſire to goe:
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate:
The Sommer, ſtill, doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou, on preſſed flowers, doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe.
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and *Muſtard-ſeede!*

Enter foure Fairyes.

Fai-